DARK HORSE COMICS
$2.99
#23
THE GOON
by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

# THE GOON™

## by Eric Powell

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Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**

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Club Limbo
WHY HE'S AROUND I REALLY DON'T KNOW
IT MIGHT JUST BE BETTER IF HE WOULD GO
THAT MAN IS CRAZY ABOUT ME
BUT ALL THAT PROVES IS THAT HE'S CRAZY
GREAT AS USUAL, MIRNA.
THANKS, RICKY.

Ring! Ring! Ring!
HELLO?
MIRNA...
H-HELLO?
S-SKINNY?!
YOU LEFT ME HERE. WHY DID YOU LEAVE ME HERE?
MIRNA, HEY! WHAT'S WRONG?!
HELLO? HELLO?

MADAME ELSA'S
BURLESQUE
BACK OFF, YOUSE MUGS! I SWIPED THIS HERE SALMON AND I'M GETTIN' THE SQUEEZIN'S!
YEAH, YOU MIGHT HAVE LIFTED THE FISH, BUT I MADE THE SQUEEZIN' PRESS MYSELF! I GETS HALF! FAIR IS FAIR!
IT'S A COUPLE OF BRICKS YA FOUND ON A STOOP! YA DIDN'T MAKE NOTHIN', AND IT DON'T ENTITLE YOU TO MY SQUEEZIN'S!

LOOK, CHARLENE, I'M TALKING IN MY MIND!
I'M SAYING SOMETIMES SALMONS ARE BAD BUT THEY ARE GOOD!
AW, SHOVE IT, SMITTY! WE'RE GETTIN' OURS!
FLBLRRt!

NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DONE! THE SQEEZIN'S ARE ALL OVER—
UP HERE, PEE-WEE! WHATTA YA SEE?
IT'S LOCKED! DON'T SEE ANYTHING IN IT, THOUGH!
I SEE A BUNCH OF LADIES IN THEIR UNDERWEAR. BUT NO BIG SCARY GUY WITH A MUSTACHE.
I GET TO LOOK NEXT!
OKAY, YOUSE MUGS, LET'S GO!
SPECS, CHECK OUT THE CAR!

GOON! COME IN, GOON!
I'M HERE.
DEAR GOON,
AS REQUESTED, HERE ARE THE COMMUNICATION DEVICES. ALTHOUGH I HAVE VOWED TO NEVER USE MY INTELLECT TO INTERFERE WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD AGAIN, I FEEL MY DEBT TO YOU COULD NEVER FULLY BE REPAID. PLEASE ACCEPT THESE WITH MY COMPLIMENTS.
SINCERELY,
DR. HIERONYMOUS ALLOY
WE BEEN STAKIN' OUT THE BURLESQUE JOINT ALL DAY. AIN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF THAT FELLA YOU DESCRIBED. ONLY PEOPLE THAT'S COME IN OR OUT HAVE BEEN THAT PRETTY LADY AND HER BIG HAIRY GUY.
GAH!
THERE WAS A MAN WITH NO EYES IN THE WINDOW!

LONELY ST
WELL, BETTER LOOK THE PART.
HEY, FRIEND, HOW ABOUT THEM HUMANS, DON'T YA JUST WANNA CHEW ON 'EM?
BAGGA DAH!
RIIIIGHT.

GOON, YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS, BUT LOOKS LIKE LONELY STREET IS DESERTED. OTHER THAN A SINGLE STRAY DEAD FELLA, AIN'T NOBODY HOME.
YOU RECKON THE PRIEST LIT OUT?
MEET ME BACK AT NORTON'S, WILLY.
THERE'S SOMETHIN' SCREWY GOIN' ON HERE, AND I DON'T LIKE IT.
YOU AND ME BOTH.
NORTON'S PUB

NORTON... WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY DOIN' HERE?!
GOON, LISTEN, WE'VE MADE AN ARRANGEMENT.
I GUESS YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHAT SHE TRIED TO DO TO YA?!
IT'S COMPLICATED. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE WAYS OF MY PEOPLE. I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE FOR MY MOMMA.
WHAT, DON'T TRUST ME TO HANDLE IT, SO YOU CALL UP THIS WITCH?! WHEN HAVE I EVER LET YOU DOWN, NORTON?!
YOU MISUNDERSTAND ME, GOON. THE FRIENDS OF MY HUSBAND ARE MY FRIENDS. HIS ENEMIES ARE MY ENEMIES.
HOLD IT! WHAT?! "HUSBAND"?!
IT'S SETTING SOMETHING RIGHT BETWEEN OUR FAMILIES THAT HAS BEEN WRONG FOR A LONG TIME.

PLEASE. WE SHOULD BE FRIENDS.
FEED IT TO SOMEBODY ELSE, LADY!
HONEY, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GIVE THAT A WHILE. YOU STRUCK A NERVE WITH HIM, AND IF THERE'S ONE THING HE KNOWS HOW TO DO IT'S HOLD A GRUDGE.
NORTON, YOU SURE YOU WANNA MARRY THIS DAME? YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HER.
ARRANGED MARRIAGES HAPPEN WITH MY PEOPLE ALL THE TIME.
WELL... I COULD THINK OF WORSE ARRANGEMENTS.

MIRNA.
YOU LET THEM KILL ME.

BUS
ONE TICKET, PLEASE.
WHERE TO?
HOME.

BAKE
NO MAN CAN HIDE FROM MY EYES.
I WILL FIND THIS MURDERER AND LAY UPON HIM A CURSE SO TERRIBLE THAT EVERY WAKING MOMENT WILL BE OF TORMENT.
AHH, I SEE YOU NOW.

DO YOU?
NO!
PICK A FIGHT WITH ME, WHORE, I DARE YOU!

KICK IT OVER!
THERE IS AN EVIL AT WORK HERE THE LIKES OF WHICH I HAVE NEVER SEEN!
WE ARE ALL DOOMED!

JUST KEEP ACTING LIKE WE'RE PLAYING MARBLES. THEN YOU PUNCH PEE-WEE IN THE HEAD A FEW TIMES AND CAUSE A BIG RUCKUS, CHARLENE, WHILE I RUN AROUND BACK AND SEE IF I CAN SNEAK IN.
GOON NEVER SAID NOTHIN' ABOUT SNEAKIN' IN! HE JUST TOLD US TO WATCH THE PLACE.
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' HAPPENIN' OUT HERE, AND I--
THEY SAY CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD. I DISAGREE.
I BELIEVE THEY SHOULD NOT BE SEEN, BUT HEARD ... SCREAMING.

AHHH! RUN FOR IT!

GOON! HELP US!
PLEASE, MR. GOON, IT'S GOING TO KILL US!

WICKER!
BOOM!

RAHH!
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?!

WELL, WE WAS PRETENDING TO PLAY MARBLES AND THEN CHARLENE WAS GONNA SLUG ME IN THE HEAD AND THAT BIG THING TRIED TO KILL US AND YOU MADE IT BLOW AWAY.
GO HOME, KIDS.
SLAP!

THE END

# EMPIRE